Ro. VVhat Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser, I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I nere saw true beauty till this night.
Tib, This by his voice, should be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin,
Capu. VVhy how now kinsman wherefore storme you so?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You will set cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. VVhy vncle, tis a shame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy boy, ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrary me, marry tis time,
VVell said my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw but this intrusion shal
Now seeming sweete, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kisse.
Iu. Good Pilgrime you do wrong your hand too much
VVhich mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kisse.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for prayers sake.
Ro. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.
Iu. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, O trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue